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THE DAILY ADVERTISER, IN METRE.

BY

THOMAS STERNHOLD, Esq.

FORMERLY of the *TEMPLE*, NOW of *STONECUTTER-STREET.*

No argument like matter of fact is. HUDIBRAS.

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LONDON

IN WELFARE

DAILY ADVERTISER

PREFACE.

GENTLE READER,

IT is neceſſary to inform thee, That, fired with the love of Fame, like my ſublime Anceſtor Mr. THOMAS STERNHOLD, of immortal memory—(of whom not to know, would argue thyſelf both unknowing and unknown) I reſolved to endeavour to produce a Poem, the originality of which ſhould be acknowledged by the moſt ſevere Critics of the age—I alſo determined to adhere cloſely to matter of fact; to reject, with the caution of a faithful Hiſtorian, the aſſiſtance of poetic invention; and to convince the Literati of the poſſibility of

uniting the two Characters of Poet and Hiſtorian with propriety.

My firſt taſk was, to find an untried ſubject; an arduous taſk indeed. I ſtudied—from a Man to an Inſect; nay, from an Empire to an Atom, I ſeemed to have been anticipated; yet let us not give way to deſpair: after much profound ſpeculation, I, fortunately, fixed on my preſent theme; a theme which none of the Ancient Hiſtorians and Poets have attempted—it is the Hiſtory of Yeſterday, as recorded in thoſe faithful ſheets called News-papers; and I flatter myſelf, that, when the vaſt utility of my deſign is fully known, I ſhall not be diſappointed of ſuch liberal rewards as the Great and Opulent have uniformly beſtowed on Men of Genius. Shall I be ſlighted more than SAVAGE?—Surely not.—BOYCE had the friendly ſhelter of a Workhouſe, and a decent funeral at the Public expence; which is a plain proof, whatever may be ſaid to the contrary, that Men of Genius are always provided for, even in theſe degenerate days.—But to proceed—It has long been a matter of complaint in Coffee-rooms, that Gentlemen keep the News-papers too long in hand—My Plan is a remedy for this glaring evil; for, as inſtruction conveyed to

us

us in Metre is more eaſily retained in the Memory than if it had been delivered in Proſe; witneſs the famous lines,

Thirty Days hath September,
April, June, *and* November, *&c.*

ſo, if the intelligence imparted to us by means of Newspapers was given in Verſe, Gentlemen would ſoon get it by Heart, and much time would be ſaved; a conſideration of too much importance to Trade and the Community to be neglected by an enlightened People: and as, probably, there will be a Perſon appointed as Laureat of the day, I have a right to expect that the Office will be beſtowed upon me, with a genteel Salary, as a reward for my labours.

Should time and health permit, it is my intention to publiſh *Burn*'s Juſtice in Metre, for the uſe of the Gentlemen of the *Quorum*. The utility of this Work, I am confident, will ſtrike my Readers immediately; how much time will be ſaved, how many aukwardneſſes avoided!—Is the Clerk abſent?—No matter—his Worſhip is not at all embarraſſed—he has Law at his Fingers' ends.

I intended

I intended to give out my Propoſals, and a ſpecimen of the Work, long ago; but being employed in reviſing The pleaſant Hiſtory of the *Gentle Craft*, and the *Seven Champions of Chriſtendom*, of which new editions are now in great forwardneſs, I am obliged to defer this Work till I have leiſure.

I am,

Gentle Reader,

Thy loving Friend,

From my Lodgings, at a Chandler's - Shop, in Stonecutter-Street.

Pleaſe to inquire for the thin Gentleman in a Tye-Wig and Boots.

THOMAS STERNHOLD.

N. B. I am removed from the Temple, on account of its being too far from Field-Lane, where I uſually dine, except when I am confined at home, to intenſe ſtudy.

THE

INVOCATION.

GENIUS of NONSENSE! lend thy friendly aid;
Kindly aſſiſt me, and my fortune's made;
Inſtruct me in thy Myſtery profound,
Things heterogene to jumble and confound:
Enraptur'd do I view thy Harlequin,
Thy Pantaloon who forces us to grin,
Thy Columbine, the envy of the Miſſes,
Thy Clown, at whom *Nan* laughs until ſhe ——;
If not too much engag'd at *Sadler's-Wells*,
Lend me awhile thy wondrous Cap and Bells,
Thy Arts ne'er fail to bring the needful Chink,
For folks can ſee, and laugh, who cannot think;
Be thou, loud-laughing Goddeſs, my adviſer,
That I may ſing *The Daily Advertiſer*.

THE
DAILY ADVERTISER,
IN METRE.

SHIP NEWS.

DEAL.

FELL down, the *Concubine*, Wind W. S. Weſt;
The *Charming Polly*'s carried into Breſt;
The *Amorous Suſanna*, Captain Leer,
Was boarded by the *Trimmer* Privateer;
The *Roſy Beſs*, the Helmsman being drunk,
Was run down by the *Jolly Tar*, and ſunk;

The

The good Ship *Drury*, Captain Simon Sneak,
Weigh'd anchor, and made ſail for Stangate-Creek;
The *Female Patagonian*, Captain Hoar,
In turning up, miſs'd Stays, and run aſhore.

LONDON.

Laſt Night arriv'd a Mail from Flanders,
Which brought—The famous Med'cine for the Glanders.

The Patriot our fallen State deploring,
My Lord was overpower'd—he was ſnoring.
Sir *John* was on his legs above two hours:
The Auditors were tir'd—not he—how great his pow'rs!
To prove his argument, he ſpar'd no pains.—
Now to be ſold, a quantity of Grains.

Yeſterday

Yeſterday died *John Doze*, the Special Pleader—
The fatteſt Ox e'er ſeen—*Cruttenden*, Feeder——
Laſt Monday died, ſuppos'd of ſuffocation—
'Tis by a ſimple outward application——
Periſh'd thro' Want, a moſt ingenious Writer—
Warren's fam'd Paſte makes dirty hands look whiter——
Arriv'd at Bath, Miſs *Prue* and Lady *Dangle*—
A ſhocking ſtory.—To be ſold, a Mangle.——
As fam'd *Perdita*, laſt night home returning,
Some Sparks of Fire—much damage—left them burning——
The Gentlewoman who foretells Events—
Some rogues broke in, and ſtole the whole contents——
A puny Race, that crawl, and fume, and fret—
And fly to *Mansfield* for relief from debt——
Inſanity—Great bets are now depending—
Fair character—acquir'd by Money-lending——
A ſingle Lady of a pleaſing form—
True Eider-Down, to keep a perſon warm——

A new Diſcovery, the Milk of Roſes—
A Waſh to kill the Maggots in your Noſes——
A Son of famous Colonel *Katterfelto*—
Removes the Vapours inſtantly, if ſmelt to——
To-morrow Ev'ning, Pray'rs begins at Five—
Thelypthora—Now to be ſeen alive,
The double-headed Heifer—Double-Fee,
'Tis thought, will ſtrengthen the Minority——
Monſieur *Veſtris* will dance a Saraband—
Money advanc'd, ſecur'd by freehold Land——
Marriage—a Gentleman who ſcorns baſe Views—
Inquire for Serjeant *Trap-all*, near the Meuſe——
Youth educated with the ſtricteſt Care—
Inquire in King's-Place, near St. James's Square——
The beſt Perfumery by *Moſenau*;
Tho' the front's narrow—makes but little ſhew,
A large aſſortment he will always keep;
For, like his myſtery, his ſhop is deep.

On Monday Mr. *Tootel*'s annual Ball;
The Minuet de la Cour—The noted *Fall*——
Dumb Perſons taught to ſpeak; Maſter—*Tellfair*—
Genuine Wines, neat Rum and Brandy—ſwear——
A Gentleman diſorder'd in his mind—
And ſtill inſiſts on taking Tythes in kind——
For Sale by Private Contract—many Votes—
Money advanc'd on Gentlemen's own Notes——
To be ſold cheap, ſome antique Chimney-pieces—
Old Maids—and with Annuities their Nieces——
A worthy Man unfortunate in Trade—
This Ev'ning there will be a Maſquerade——
Theſe wretched Planters having loſt their all—
To-morrow Evening Monſieur *Veſtris*' Ball——
An Infant found in Lady *Faddle*'s yard—
My Lady's Lap-Dog loſt, Five Pound Reward——
Now to be ſold, a Secret that will clear,
Not the leaſt riſque, Three Hundred Pounds a Year;

But two of this ſame Trade can now be found;
The loweſt Price, at once, is Twenty Pound——
A Lady wants to board a Gentleman;
Apply to M. M. at the Golden Fan——
Whereas a Gentleman, in blue, was ſeen
Driving a phaëton near Liſſon-Green;
The Lady in the brimſtone-colour'd gown
Would wiſh to know if he reſides in Town:
She begs he will directly call upon her,
But hopes ſhe may rely upon his honour.——
Roſy Veſtina, Deity of Health,
Preſents reſpects to Plutus, God of Wealth;
Hopes no offence; wants temporary ſums,
Which will prevent th' impertinence of Bums;
And, as the aids requir'd are pretty weighty,
To fetch them home ſends Gog and Magog, mighty:
If to her aid his Godſhip does not fly,
She fears, tho' deem'd immortal, ſhe muſt die.

Juſtice is blind indeed!—Oh, ſtrange to tell!
Venus is driv'n from Hymen and Pall-Mall:
I ſee it now—his Worſhip—cunning elf,
Intends to keep bright Venus to himſelf.
So, when a youngſter, more than once have I
Carry'd to ſchool a ſav'ry mutton-pie;
The Maſter found it out, I got a beating—
He kept my pie, alas! for his own eating.

Wanted, a Chandler's Shop of pretty Trade,
By which a genteel living may be made.

Wanted, an active Coachman of light weight;
Alſo a Footman who can clean French plate.

Wanted, a Man of lib'ral Education,
Who will not growl at any Occupation:

He muſt tranſlate, engroſs, and wait at Table,
Inſtruct the Children, alſo clean the Stable;
Keep clear Accounts 'twixt Creditor and Debtor;
And if he blows the French-Horn—all the better:
He muſt dreſs Hair in Taſte, and never flout
When he is call'd to draw the Child about;
Clean Knives and Shoes, and brew good Country Beer:
His Wages will be Twenty Pounds a Year.

Now wanted, a Lady for better or worſe—
Wanted, Lodging and Board for a Prieſt and a Horſe,
Whoſe public and private Life's very well known
To many reſpectable folks in this Town:
His Horſe muſt live well, or he's gone in a trice;
But as to his Maſter, he's not very nice.

Laſt Tueſday, Alderman and Colonel *Head*
Fir'd at a Turtle, and he ſhot it dead;

The

The body then, as previouſly directed,
Was carry'd to the Hall, and there diſſected;
And, having done the bus'neſs of the City,
The Bill was then referr'd to a Committee.

Lately abſconded from *John Tugwell*, Dentiſt,
Donald M'Murdo, lawfully apprentic'd;
His Maſter, rather than the Lad ſhould roam,
Will draw the Teeth of him who brings him home.

Whereas *Joan Clark*, my Wife, is run away;
Let no one truſt her, for I will not pay:
I am her lawful Huſband, *Stephen Clark*;
And, tho' no Scollard, I have made my Mark.

Aſtley's—the famous Zebra—Proclamation—
Bangs—the fam'd Proteſtant Aſſociation.

A *Pariſan*,

A *Pariſan*, who loves the Engliſh nation,
Is come to teach the true Pronunciation;
Would fain make us forget our aukward ways,
And means to teach us how to act French Plays;
Proverbs Dramatique, and the Petit Pieces,
Which will improve our Children, Nephews, Nieces:
Attend, Monſieur, and hear a Proverb true—
Britons can never, more, confide in you.

An Engliſhman, of all men, is moſt free—
Preſs-Warrants granted—State neceſſity——
Gibraltar loſt—doubt you the propoſition?
Aſk of the Gentlemen in Oppoſition.

A Gentleman, in paſſing thro' the Strand,
Happen'd to ſqueeze a pretty Lady's hand:
He had a Diamond Ring upon his finger;
If brought home ſafe, he will reward the Bringer.

To all thoſe Ladies who muſt needs retire—
Rope-Ladders, of great uſe in caſe of Fire.

Yeſterday waddled out two Ducks, both lame—
Now to be ſold, a Monkey, very tame—
Some piping Bullfinches—a Maſtiff-Dog—
Walk in, and ſee the moſt ſurpriſing Hog—
Canary Birds, whoſe Notes are wondrous ſweet—
Inquire of the Warden of the Fleet.

Money advanc'd to Traders in diſtreſs;
Inquire for Meſſieurs *Crafty* and *Fineſſe*——
The never-failing Cure for th' Scurvy, Evil—
Signior *Placido*, and the Little Devil.

Timber, about an hundred ſtately Trees,
On which the Rooks for ages liv'd at eaſe——

Does any aſk, why are they to be ſold?
The Heir's extravagant, and wants the gold.

Cork-Jackets, Patent-Wheels, cheap Shirts and Smocks—
Sermons in Manuſcript, all orthodox——
A clever Gelding, full of blood and faſhion—
Fine Norway Deals, without adulteration.

This day by Auction to be ſold by *Browning*—
Some Children's Cauls, preſervatives from drowning——
Burgundy Muſtard to be ſold by *Preſſy*—
Cuſhions, Toupees, and Braids, and Curls to dreſs ye——
Wanted, ſome very curious Tabby Cats—
The beſt Diſcovery for killing Rats——
Queen's-Ware, whole Services, Mugs, Jugs—
Tiffin's fam'd Liquid for deſtroying Bugs——
The moſt invet'rate Corns remov'd with eaſe—
The bleſſed Med'cine—curious Iſſue Peas——

Leake's

Leake's famous Pills—The Liſbon Diet-Drink—
The Water-Cloſets that will never ſtink——
The precious Drops that cure Convulſion Fits—
The harmleſs Powder for deſtroying Nits——-
Eſſence of Pearl—Anchovies and Cavieare—
Bears'-Greaſe, which quickly clothes bald pates with Hair——
Kennedy—anxious to prevent diſaſter,
Gives notice of his never-failing Plaiſter——
Certain Preferment—To be ſold by Auction—
Too much cannot be ſaid of this Decoction——
Wanted to board, a Lady that's inſane—
The Chairmen muſt ſet down in Market-Lane.

A freehold Villa to be ſold by *Chriſtie*—
Excuſe me, Mr. *Anſell*, that I miſt ye—
This happy ſituation was found out
By Taſte, after much travelling about.——

She, charm'd with the romantic ſituation,
Which far exceeds all others in this nation,
Took chaiſe and four, and hurried up to Town,
To fetch a waggon-load of Builders down;
Reſolv'd to raiſe a pile without defect,
She bought the works of ev'ry Architect;
Poſt-haſte returning, various plans took down,
And ſhew'd their capabilities to *Brown*.
As Nature had completely done her part,
The reſt was left to Elegance and Art:
Hills ſunk to vallies, vallies grew to hills;
Up rais'd the buildings, and the workmen's bills:
Caverns were dug, an hermitage deſign'd,
Convenient when to ſolitude inclin'd.
Alas! imperfect is each human joy;
The Builder's pleaſures Mortgagees deſtroy:
No caſh at *Drummond*'s; all reſources fail,
Excepting one, ſad remedy!—a Sale.

Why,

Why, Fortune, wilt thou not more ſums advance?
Why thus reſtrain true Taſte and Elegance?
Aided by thee, and left to their direction,
A Lord might be the ſtandard of Perfection;
But wanting Caſh, the fault of which is thine,
He's forc'd to execute ſome baſe deſign.
Hadſt thou but granted him unbounded aid,
Would he let honeſt Tradeſmen go unpaid?
Tell civil falſehoods, or with ſcornful airs
Bid his French Valet kick them down the ſtairs?
Dame Fortune is a niggard, fie upon her!
Elſe ev'ry Lord would be a Man of Honour.

To Beaux and Belles—Monſieur **La Diſtortin*
Teaches the Canine, or the *Veſtris* Grin;
Perform'd by *Diſtortin* and, Dogs, Aſſiſtants.
Note—Cannot wait on Scholars at a diſtance.

* A new word, which the lexicographers are requeſted to introduce into their future editions.

Some Gentlemen, well knowing that a Nation
Cannot exiſt without ſome Recreation,
Have fitted up, at ſuch a vaſt expence
As will aſtoniſh ev'ry Man of Senſe,
A place to ſtretch our legs in after dinner;
But never to admit one female Sinner:
Some Puritanic folks have found this place,
And now, reſolv'd to bring it to diſgrace,
Deſire the Company to go to Church,
And leave theſe ſad Projectors in the lurch:
Said Schemers hope the Public will be willing
To reimburſe their Charges ev'ry Shilling;
For ſay—what Scheme's more laudable and wiſe
Than to promote a gen'ral Exerciſe?
Muſt *Faſhion* liſten to old doting Fools,
And be reſtrain'd by Puritanic rules?
Muſt not her Vot'ries meet to ſhew their Clothes,
But, like the Vulgar, go to Church, and doze?

Muſt he whom Airs Italian ever charms,
Diſtort his Features to ſing *David*'s Pſalms?
Shall Ladies ſoil their Silks on dirty Haſſock,
And ſit an Hour to ſee a ruſty Caſſock?
Not they, indeed!—the Elegant and Gay
Will go to Heav'n a much genteeler way.

The juſtly celebrated Maſter *Crotch*—
Left in a certain Place, a Silver Watch——
Now to be ſold, a famous Sailing-Boat—
Exchang'd, thro' a Miſtake, a new Great Coat;
Imagin'd, by a Gentleman in Black:
Pray call, and you may take the old one back.

Surtouts, Bath Beaver, Demi-Seaſon Cloaks—
About ten thouſand Cart and Waggon Spokes——
The only Warehouſe for full-bottom'd Wigs—
Dairy-fed Pork, and curious Sucking Pigs——

To the Humane who have the pow'r of giving—
A Clergyman would fain exchange his Living.

The Operator for the Hands and Feet—
Determin'd to reduce the Price of Meat——
Some curious potted Charr from Weſtmoreland—
A Dial, and ſome Alehouſe Pots, by Hand——
The Overſeers, regardleſs of her groans—
To be ſold cheap, ſome good hard Paving-Stones——
The Queſtion fix'd on for this Night's Debate—
'Tis fear'd the damage has been very great——
A num'rous Levee and—a Match of Grinning—
Bets five to four upon Potooooooooo's winning——
Lord C———, the moſt humane of Men,
Aroſe to ſpeak, and—ſat him down again.

Miſſing, a Citizen from Rotten-Row:
Aſk you the cauſe?—Affairs are but ſo ſo——

To the Afflicted, be they e'er ſo ill—
For the particulars, peruſe the Bill——
His Lordſhip, with amazing Elocution,
Preſcrib'd Oeconomy——An Execution;
My Goods are hir'd—aſk Mr. *Cabriole*;
" 'Tis but a Part we ſee, and not a Whole"——
This famous line of *Pope*'s the Peer repeated,
And the poor Plaintiff found himſelf defeated.

Flew from a Window in St. Martin's Lane,
A large Grey Parrot—*Note*, ſwears very plain——
A Duel fought between a Lord and 'Squire,
When happily their Piſtols both miſs'd fire:
Now pray, my Lord, did you mean ſo and ſo?
Not I——Did you reflect on me?—Oh! no——
Thus having ſav'd their Honours, and their Lives,
They joyfully return'd to meet their Wives.

Laſt Monday was interr'd in All Saints reſt,
In fun'ral pomp, Mr. *Ezekiel Peſt*;
A Uſurer whoſe heart, of blackeſt hue,
Nor Love, nor Friendſhip, nor Compaſſion knew;
In him Hypocriſy and Rapine join'd;
Religion's holy Garb the Wretch purloin'd;
Whene'er he pleas'd, ſhed Tears in plenteous ſhow'r,
Like th' Crocodile would weep, and then devour:
His Heart was a deep Mine of baſe Alloy;
But he is dead, and Orphans weep for joy.

To the Quality and Gentry—*Simon Jakes*
Neatly performs—what?—what he undertakes——
Courtier, mark this, and learn to keep your word—
One may extract a Moral from a ——.

To lett, a Shop,—great Trade for Wood and Coals,
Brick-duſt and Sand, Small-beer and butter'd Rolls.

An Eating-Houſe, with a good thriving Trade;
The Rent is conſtantly by Lodgers made;
Sells pickled Pork and Trotters, Tripe, Cow-heels;
Alſo a Jockey Cart with good ſtrong Wheels.

Green-Grocer's Shop—the Trade is quite compact;
The Miſtreſs lately died—it is a fact—
A great demand for Oyſters, Salmon, Muſcles;
A Perſon cannot fail to thrive who buſtles;
Buys Rags, flint Glaſs, old Iron—lets out Barrows;
A Jack-Aſs, and a Sow that often farrows.

To lett, an Alehoufe, from Annoyance free:
What means the man?—has he no Company?

A Public Houſe, the Rent all made by Lodgers,
With two Box-Clubs, beſides the Club of Codgers;

A great

A great demand for Amber, Purl, and Gin—
It will not coſt much Money to come in;
Pleaſe to inquire, this day, for Mr. *Rouſe*,
At the Three Jolly Carmen—Not the Houſe.

THE END.

A great demand for Amber, Purl, and Gin—
It will not coſt much Money to come in;
Pleaſe to inquire, this day, for Mr. *Rouſe*,
At the Three Jolly Carmen—Not the Houſe.

THE END.